

*The  
Shadowy Waters*

*By W. B. Yeats*

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# The Shadowy Waters



# The Shadowy Waters

*William*  
By  
*Walter*  
W. B. Yeats c *A*



New York  
Dodd, Mead and Company  
1901

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TO LADY GREGORY



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*I walked among the seven woods of Coole,  
Shan-walla, where a willow-bordered pond  
Gathers the wild duck from the winter dawn ;  
Shady Kyle-dortha ; sunnier Kyle-na-gno  
Where many hundred squirrels are as happy  
As though they had been hidden by green boughs  
Where old age cannot find them ; Pairc-na-lea,  
Where hazel and ash and privet blind the paths ;  
Dim Pairc-na-carraig, where the wild bees fling  
Their sudden fragrances on the green air ;  
Dim Pairc-na-tarav, where enchanted eyes  
Have seen immortal, mild, proud shadows walk ;  
Dim Inchy wood, that hides badger and fox  
And marten-cat, and borders that old wood  
Wise Biddy Early called the wicked wood :  
Seven odours, seven murmurs, seven woods.*

*I had not eyes like those enchanted eyes,  
Yet dreamed that beings happier than men  
Moved round me in the shadows, and at night  
My dreams were cloven by voices and by fires;  
And the images I have woven in this story  
Of Forgael and Dectora and the empty waters  
Moved round me in the voices and the fires;  
And more I may not write of, for them that cleave  
The waters of sleep can make a chattering tongue  
Heavy like stone, their wisdom being half silence.*

*How shall I name you, immortal, mild, proud  
                  shadows?*

*I only know that all we know comes from you,  
And that you come from Eden on flying feet.  
Is Eden far away, or do you hide  
From human thought, as hares and mice and coney  
That run before the reaping-hook and lie*

*In the last ridge of the barley? Do our woods  
And winds and ponds cover more quiet woods,  
More shining winds, more star-glimmering ponds?*

*Is Eden out of time and out of space?  
And do you gather about us when pale light  
Shining on water and fallen among leaves,  
And winds blowing from flowers, and whirr of  
feathers  
And the green quiet, have uplifted the heart?*

*I have made this poem for you, that men may  
read it  
Before they read of Forgael and Dectora,  
As men in the old times, before the harps began,  
Poured out wine for the high invisible ones.*

*September 1900*



THE SHADOWY WATERS

FORGAEL

AIBRIC

DECTORA

SAILORS



*THE deck of a galley. The steering-oar, which comes through the bulwark, is to the left hand. One looks along the deck toward the high forecastle, which is partly hidden by a great square sail. The sail is drawn in toward the stern at the left side, and is high enough above the deck at the right side to show a little of the deck beyond and of the forecastle. Three rows of bouds, the first dark, the second red, and the third white with red ears, make a conventional pattern upon the sail. The sea is bidden in mist, and there is no light except where the moon makes a brightness in the mist.*

*FORGAEL is sleeping upon skins a few yards forward of the steering-oar. He has a silver lily embroidered over his breast. A small harp lies beside him. AIBRIC and two sailors stand about the steering-oar. One of the sailors is steering.*

#### THE HELMSMAN

His face has never gladdened since he  
came

Out of that island where the fool of the  
wood

Played on his harp.

THE OTHER SAILOR

And I would be as sad  
But that the wind changed; for I followed  
him  
And heard the music in the wind, and saw  
A red hound running from a silver arrow.  
I drew my sword to fling it in a pool,—  
I have forgotten wherefore.

THE HELMSMAN

The red hound  
Was Forgael's courage that the music killed.

THE OTHER SAILOR

How many moons have died from the full  
moon  
When something that was bearded like a goat

Walked on the waters and bid Forgael seek  
His heart's desire where the world dwindles  
out?

THE HELMSMAN

Nine moons.

THE OTHER SAILOR

And from the harping of the fool?

THE HELMSMAN

Three moons.

THE OTHER SAILOR

It were best to kill him, and choose out  
Another leader, and turn home again.

THE HELMSMAN

I had killed him long ago, but that the fool  
Gave him his harp.

THE OTHER SAILOR

Now that he is asleep,  
He cannot wake the god that hides in it.

*(The two sailors go nearer to FORGAEL and  
half draw their swords.)*

AIBRIC

And whom will you make leader? Who will  
make

A path among these waves and weigh the  
wind?

Not I, nor Maine there, nor Duach's son.  
Be patient yet a while; for this ninth moon,  
Being the moon of birth, may end our doubt.

*(FORGAEL rises. The two sailors hurry  
past him, and disappear beyond the sail.  
FORGAEL takes the steering-oar.)*

FORGAEL

So these would have killed Forgael while asleep  
Because a god has made him wise with dreams ;  
And you, my Aibric, who have been a King  
And spoken in the Council, and heard tales  
That druids write on yew and apple wood,  
Are doubtful like these pullers of the oar !

AIBRIC

I doubt your wisdom, but do not doubt my  
love.  
Had I not gold and silver, and enough  
Of pasture-land and plough-land among the  
hills?  
And when you came, the North under your  
sails,  
And praised your war among the endless  
seas,

Did I not follow with a score of ships?  
And now they are all gone, I follow still.

FORGAEL

But would turn home again.

AIBRIC

No man had doubts  
When we rowed north, singing above the oars,  
And harried Alban towns, and overthrew  
The women-slingers on the Narrow Bridge,  
And passed the Outer Hebrides, and took  
Armlets of gold or shields with golden nails  
From hilly Lochlann; but our sail has passed  
Even the wandering islands of the gods,  
And hears the roar of the streams where,  
    druids say,  
Time and the world and all things dwindle out.

FORGAEL

Do you remember, Aibric, how you bore  
A captive woman from the Narrow Bridge,  
And, though you loved her, gave her up to  
me?

AIBRIC

I thought she loved you, and I thought her  
love  
Would overcome your sorrow and your dreams.  
But you grew weary of her.

FORGAEL

When I hold  
A woman in my arms, she sinks away  
As though the waters had flowed up between ;  
And yet, there is a love that the gods give,  
When Aengus and his Edaine wake from  
sleep

And gaze on one another through our eyes,  
And turn brief longing and deceiving hope  
And bodily tenderness to the soft fire  
That shall burn time when times have ebbed  
away.

The fool foretold me I would find this love  
Among those streams, or on their cloudy edge.

AIBRIC

No man nor woman has loved otherwise  
Than in brief longing and deceiving hope  
And bodily tenderness; and he who longs  
For happier love but finds unhappiness,  
And falls among the dreams the drowsy gods  
Breathe on the burnished mirror of the world  
And then smooth out with ivory hands and  
sigh.



Forgael, seek out content, where other men  
Have found delight, in the resounding oars,  
In day out-living battle, on the breast  
Of some mild woman, or in children's ways.

FORGAEL

The fool that came out of the wintry wood  
Taught me wise music, and gave me this old  
harp ;  
And were all dreams, it would not weigh in the  
hand.

AIBRIC

It was a fool that gave it, and may be  
Out of mere wantonness to lure a sail  
Among the waters that no pilot knows.

FORGAEL

I have good pilots, Aibric. When men die  
They are changed and as grey birds fly out to  
    sea,  
And I have heard them call from wind to  
    wind  
How all that die are borne about the world  
In the cold streams, and wake to their desire,  
It may be, before the winds of birth have  
    waked ;  
Upon clear nights they leave the upper air  
And fly among the foam.

A SAILOR

*(Running from the forecastle)*

Thrust down the helm,  
For I have seen a ship hid in the fog.  
Look ! there she lies under a flapping sail.

FORGAEL

(*To AIBRIC*)

Give me the helm : call hither those who lie  
Upon the rowers' benches underneath,  
And bid them hide in shadow of the sail,  
Or crowd behind the bulwark, that we seem  
A trading galley in her helmsman's eyes.

(*AIBRIC goes toward the forecastle.*)

It may be now that I can go my way  
And no man kill me ; for some wind has blown  
A galley from the Lochlann seas ; her flag  
Is folding and unfolding, and in its folds  
Her raven flutters. Rob him of his food  
Or be his food, I follow the grey wings,  
And need no more of life till the white wings  
Of Aengus' birds gleam in their apple boughs.

(*Two sailors come creeping along the right  
bulwark.*)

THE FOREMOST OF THE TWO SAILORS

It were better to pass by, because the gods  
Make galleys out of wind that change to wind  
When one has leapt on board.

THE HINDERMOST OF THE TWO SAILORS

No, for I have hope  
Forgael may find his heart's desire on board  
And turn his galley about and bring me home.

*(Two more sailors come creeping along the  
right bulwark.)*

THE FOREMOST OF THE TWO SAILORS

I swore but yesterday if the Red God  
Would end this peaceful life that rots the bones,  
None should escape my sword: I would send  
all  
To mind his cows and swine by the Red Lake.

THE HINDERMOST OF THE TWO SAILORS

He has heard me and not you. Nine days  
ago

I promised him that none should escape my  
sword

But women and jugglers and players on the  
harp.

THE FOREMOST OF THE TWO SAILORS

He has heard me because I promised all.

*(There are sailors now along the whole  
bulwark and sailors in the shadow of  
the sail.)*

FORGAEL

Bend lower lest your battle-axes glimmer.

The tide narrows between, and one old man

Nods by the helm, and nearer to the sail

A woman lies among embroideries.

Near by, but in the shadow of the sail,  
A boy and girl hold one another's hands ;  
Their hair mingles on some stringed instru-  
ment,  
And a string murmurs as though Time were  
dead  
Or a god hid them under the shadow of wings.  
Beyond the sail a man with a red crown  
Leans on his elbows, gazing at the sea.

When you are aboard the Lochlann galley,  
lash  
Bulwark to bulwark, and square her sail by  
ours.  
Now rush upon her and find out what prey  
Best pleases you.

*(The sailors climb over the bulwarks beyond  
the sail. FORGAEL is left alone.)*

A VOICE ON THE OTHER SHIP

Armed men have come upon us.

ANOTHER VOICE

Wake all below.

A MORE DISTANT VOICE

Why have you broken our sleep?

THE FIRST VOICE

Armed men have come upon us. O! I am  
slain!

*(There is a sound of fighting.)*

FORGAEL

A grey bird has flown by. He has flown up-  
ward.

He hovers above the mast and waits his kind;  
When all gather they will fly upon their way.

I shall find out if I have lost my way  
Among these misty waters. Two! Now four!  
Now four together! I shall hear their words  
If I go nearer to the windward side,  
For there are sudden voices in my ears.

*(He goes to the right bulwark.)*

Two hover there together, and one says,  
'How light we are now we are changed to  
birds!'

And the other answers, 'Maybe we shall find  
Our hearts' desire now that we are so light.'  
And then one asks another how he died,  
And says, 'A sword-blade pierced me in my  
sleep.'

And now they all wheel suddenly and fly  
To the other side and higher in the air.

*(He crosses over to the other bulwark.)*



They are still waiting; and now the laggard  
comes,

And she cries out, 'I have fled to my be-  
loved

In the waste air. I will wander by his side  
Among the windy meadows of the dawn.'

They have flown away together. We are  
nearly

A quarter of the heavens from our right way.

*(He goes to the steering-oar. Two sailors  
come from the other ship dragging a long  
rope, which they fasten to the mast.)*

#### ONE OF THE SAILORS

But will it hold while we are emptying her?

#### THE OTHER SAILOR

While the wind is light.

FORGAEL

The oar can hardly move her,  
And I must lose more time because these fools  
Believe that gold and women taken in war  
Are better than the woods where no love  
fades  
From its first sighs and laughter, before the  
sleep,  
Whose shadow is the sleep that comes with  
love,  
Ends all things.

*(More sailors have come from the other ship.  
One of them carries a crown of gold and of  
rubies. One of them leads DECTORA, who  
has a rose embroidered over her breast.)*

AN OLD SAILOR

I have slain the Lochlann king.

FORGAEL

You have done well, because my bows are  
turned

Towards a country where there are no kings.

A SAILOR

*(Laying the crown at FORGAEL's feet)*

I have brought his crown.

THE OLD SAILOR

And I have brought his queen.

I would have spared her handmaid, but she  
caught

This blade out of my hand and died of a  
sudden.

ANOTHER SAILOR

She offers great rewards if we turn east  
And bring her to her kingdom and her people.

FORGAEL

My way is west. She seems both young and  
shapely ;

Give her to Aibric, if he will. I wait  
For an immortal woman, as I think.

*(He goes nearer to DECTORA, gazing at her.)*

THE OLD SAILOR

I left her living, thinking that I had found  
Your heart's desire and the end of all our  
trouble ;

But now I will kill her.

*(FORGAEL motions him away.)*

FORGAEL

All comes to an end.  
The harvest's in ; the granary doors are  
shut ;

The topmost blossom on the boughs of  
Time

Has blossomed, and I grow as old as Time,  
For I have all his garden wisdom.

O speak !

I await your words as the blind grass awaits  
The falling blossoms, and the dead the living.

DECTORA

I will swear by sun and moon to pardon all  
And to give wealth of oxen and sheep to all ;  
And to give you besides a hundred shields,  
A hundred swords, a hundred drinking-bowls.

A SAILOR

Cover your ears ; for once we had moored our  
galley  
Beside a Lochlann wharf, and though she had  
sworn

By sun and moon and a hundred gods as  
well,  
She would weave a net to take us.

ANOTHER SAILOR

She might keep faith :  
The gods hold watch about the words of a  
queen.

FORGAEL

Have the winds blown you among these empty  
waters ?

A SAILOR

She will answer now like any waiting woman  
Because these waters make all women one.

DECTORA

I and that mighty king a sudden blow  
And evil fortune have overthrown sailed hither

Because I had hoped to come, as dreams fore-  
told,  
Where gods are brooding in a mountainous  
place  
That murmurs with holy woods, and win their  
help  
To conquer among the countries of the north.  
I have found nothing but these empty waters :  
I have turned homewards.

FORGAEL

In the eyes of the gods,  
War-laden galleys, and armies on white roads,  
And unforgotten names, and the cold stars  
That have built all are dust on a moth's  
wing.  
These are their lures, but they have set their  
hearts

On tears and laughter ; they have lured you  
hither

And lured me hither, that you might be my  
love.

Aengus looks on you when I look : he awaits  
Till his Edaine, no longer a golden fly  
Among the winds, looks under your pale eye-  
lids.

DECTORA

*(To the sailors)*

Is it your will that I, who am a queen  
Among the queens, and chose the mightiest  
Of the twelve kings of the world to be my  
king,

Become a stranger's leman ; and that you,  
Who might have flocks and herds and many  
thralls,

Be pullers of the oar until you die ?



A SAILOR

She bids us follow her.

ANOTHER SAILOR

I have grown weary  
Of following Forgael's dream from wind to  
wind.

ANOTHER SAILOR

Give me a hundred sheep.

ANOTHER SAILOR

Give me a house  
Well sheltered from the winds, and fruitful  
fields,  
And a strong galley.

DECTORA

I give you all as much.

ANOTHER SAILOR

And will you swear never to be avenged  
For those among your people that are dead?

DECTORA

I swear it, though I gladly would lie down  
With one you have killed and die ; for when I  
left  
My foster-mother's garden in the south  
I ceased to be a woman, being a queen.

ANOTHER SAILOR

And will you swear it by the sun and moon?

DECTORA

I swear it.

ANOTHER SAILOR

Let every man draw out his sword.  
Gather about him, that the gods may not know  
The hand that wounds him, because the gods  
are his friends.

(FORGAEL *has taken the harp in his hands  
and is leaning against the bulwark. The  
sailors draw their swords, and come  
toward him. FORGAEL plays slowly and  
faintly.*)

A SAILOR

A white bird beats his wings upon my face.

ANOTHER SAILOR

A white bird has torn me with his silver claws.

ANOTHER SAILOR

I am blind and deaf because of the white wings.

ANOTHER SAILOR

I am afraid of the harp.

ANOTHER SAILOR

O ! wings on wings !

DECTORA

He has thrown a druid dream upon the air.  
Strike quickly ; it will fade out when you strike.

A SAILOR

I am afraid of his low-laughing harp.

(FORGAEL *changes the air.*)

DECTORA

(*Looking over the bulwark in a half dream*)

I shall be home now in a little while,  
Hearing the harpers play, the pine-wood crackle,  
The handmaids laugh and whisper in the door.

A SAILOR

Who said we had a skin of yellow ale?

ANOTHER SAILOR

I said the ale was brown.

ANOTHER SAILOR

*(Who has gone into the other ship)*

I have found the ale,  
I had thrown it down behind this coil of  
rope.

ANOTHER SAILOR

Forgael can die to-morrow. Come to the  
ale.

ANOTHER SAILOR

Come to the ale; for he can die to-morrow.

*(They go on to the other ship.)*

AIBRIC

*(Who lingers, looking at DECTORA)*

She will say something in a little while,  
And I shall laugh with joy.

A VOICE ON THE OTHER SHIP

Come hither, Aibric,  
And tell me a love-story while I drink.

AIBRIC

Ah, well ! they are calling me — they are calling me.

*(He goes forward and into the other ship.)*

FORGAEL

How little and reedy a sound awakes a god  
To cry his folding cry !

*(He changes the air again ; DECTORA leans against the bulwark as if very sleepy, and gradually sinks down on the deck.)*

DECTORA

*(As if in sleep)*

No, no, be silent,  
For I am certain somebody is dead.

FORGAEL

She has begun forgetting. When she wakes,  
The years that have gone over her from the  
hour

When she dreamt first of love, shall flicker out  
And that dream only shine before her feet.

I grew as old as Time, and she grows young  
As the ageless birds of Aengus, or the birds  
The white fool makes at morning out of foam;  
For love is a-weaving when a woman's heart  
Grows young and a man's heart grows old in a  
twinkling.

*(He changes the air.)*

Her eyelids tremble and the white foam fades ;  
The stars would hurl their crowns among the  
foam  
Were they but lifted up.

DECTORA

*(Slowly waking)*

The red hound is fled.  
Why did you say that I have followed him  
For these nine years ? O arrow upon arrow !  
My eyes are troubled by the silver arrows ;  
Ah, they have pierced his heart !

*(She wakes.)*

I have slept long ;  
I fought twelve battles dressed in golden  
armour.  
I have forgot it all. How soon dreams fade !  
I will drink out of the stream. The stream is  
gone :



Before I dropped asleep, a kingfisher  
Shook the pale apple-blossom over it ;  
And now the waves are crying in my ears,  
And a cold wind is blowing in my hair.

FORGAEL

*(Going over to her)*

A hound that had lain hid in the red rushes  
Breathed out a druid vapour, and crumbled  
away

The grass and the blue shadow on the stream  
And the pale blossom ; but I woke instead  
The winds and waters to be your home for  
ever ;

And overturned the demon with a sound  
I had woven of the sleep that is in pools

Among great trees, and in the wings of owls,  
And under lovers' eyelids.

*(He kneels and holds the harp toward her.)*

Bend your head  
And lean your lips devoutly to this harp,  
For he who gave it called it Aengus' harp  
And said it was mightier than the sun and  
moon,

Or than the shivering casting-net of the stars.

*(She takes the harp in her hands and kisses it.)*

DECTORA

O, Aengus of the herds, watch over me!  
I sat beside my foster-mother, and now  
I am caught in woven nets of enchantment.

Look!

I have wet this braid of hair with tears while  
asleep.

FORGAEL

*(Standing upright again)*

He watches over none but faithful lovers.

Edaine came out of Midher's hill, and lay

Beside young Aengus in his tower of glass,

Where time is drowned in odour-laden winds

And druid moons, and murmuring of boughs,

And sleepy boughs, and boughs where apples  
made

Of opal and ruby and pale chrysolite

Awake unsleeping fires; and wove seven  
strings,

Sweet with all music, out of his long hair,

Because her hands had been made wild by  
love;

When Midher's wife had changed her to a  
fly

He made a harp with druid apple wood

That she among her winds might know he  
    wept ;  
And from that hour he has watched over none  
But faithful lovers.

DECTORA

*(Half rising)*

    Something glitters there —  
There — there — by the oar.

FORGAEL

The crown of a far country.

DECTORA

That crown was in my dreams — no, no — in  
    a rhyme.

I know you now, beseeching hands and eyes.  
I have been waiting you. A moment since  
My foster-mother sang in an old rhyme

That my true-love would come in a ship of  
pearl

Under a silken sail and silver yard,  
And bring me where the children of Aengus  
wind

In happy dances, under a windy moon ;  
But these waste waters and wind-beaten sails  
Are wiser witchcraft, for our peace awakes  
In one another's arms.

*(He has taken her in his arms.)*

FORGAEL

Aengus has seen  
His well-beloved through a mortal's eyes ;  
And she, no longer blown among the winds,  
Is laughing through a mortal's eyes.

DECTORA

*(Peering out over the waters)*

O look !

A red-eared hound follows a hornless deer.

There! There! They have gone quickly, for  
already

The cloudy waters and the glimmering winds  
Have covered them.

FORGAEL

Where did they vanish away?

DECTORA

Where the moon makes a cloudy light in the mist.

FORGAEL

*(Going to the steering-oar)*

The pale hound and the deer wander for ever  
Among the winds and waters ; and when they  
pass

The mountain of the gods, the unappeasable  
gods

Cover their faces with their hair and weep.

They lure us to the streams where the world  
ends.

DECTORA

All dies among those streams.

FORGAEL

The fool has made  
These messengers to lure men to his peace,  
Where true-love wanders among the holy  
woods.

DECTORA

What were true-love among the rush of his  
streams?

The gods weave nets, and take us in their nets,

And none knows wherefore ; but the heart's  
desire

Is this poor body that reddens and grows pale.

*(She goes toward him.)*

FORGAEL

The fool, who has made the wisdom that men  
write

Upon thin boards of yew and apple wood,  
And all the wisdom that old images,  
Made of dim gold, rave out in secret tombs,  
Has told me that the undying send their  
eagles

To snatch alive out of the streams all lovers  
That have gone thither to look for the loud  
streams,  
Folding their hearts' desire to their glad  
hearts.



DECTORA

The love I know is hidden in these hands  
That I would mix with yours, and in this  
hair  
That I would shed like twilight over you.

FORGAEL

The love of all under the light of the sun  
Is but brief longing, and deceiving hope,  
And bodily tenderness ; but love is made  
Imperishable fire under the boughs  
Of chrysoberyl and beryl and chrysolite,  
And chrysoprased and ruby and sardonyx.

DECTORA

Where are these boughs? Where are the holy  
woods  
That can change love to imperishable fire?

O! I would break this net the gods have  
woven

Of voices and of dreams. O heart, be still!

O! why is love so crazy that it longs

To drown in its own image?

FORGAEL

Even that sleep  
That comes with love, comes murmuring of  
an hour

When earth and heaven have been folded up;  
And languors that awake in mingling hands  
And mingling hair fall from the fiery boughs,  
To lead us to the streams where the world  
ends.

*(AIBRIC and some of the sailors come from  
the other ship over the bulwark beyond  
the sail, and gather in the dimness beyond  
the sail.)*

A SAILOR

They are always quarrelling.

AIBRIC

Give me your swords.

A SAILOR

Eocha and Maine are always quarrelling.

ANOTHER SAILOR

Ale sets them quarrelling.

AIBRIC

Give me your swords.

A SAILOR

We will not quarrel, now that all is well,  
And we go home.

ANOTHER SAILOR

Come, Aibric; end your tale  
Of golden-armed Iolan and the queen  
That lives among the woods of the dark  
hounds.

ANOTHER SAILOR

And tell how Mananan sacked Murias  
Under the waves, and took a thousand women  
When the dark hounds were loosed.

ANOTHER SAILOR

Come to the ale.  
*(They go into the other ship.)*

DECTORA

*(Going toward the sail)*  
I have begun remembering my dreams.  
I have commanded men in dreams. Beloved,

We will go call these sailors, and escape  
The nets the gods have woven and our own  
    hearts,  
And, hurrying homeward, fall upon some  
    land  
And rule together under a canopy.

FORGAEL

All that know love among the winds of the  
    world  
Have found it like the froth upon the ale.

DECTORA

We will find out valleys and woods and  
    meadows  
To wander in ; you have loved many women,  
It may be, and have grown weary of love.  
But I am new to love.

FORGAEL

Go among these  
That have known love among the winds of  
the world  
And tell its story over their brown ale.

DECTORA

*(Going a little nearer to the sail)*

Love was not made for darkness and the  
winds  
That blow when heaven and earth are  
withering,  
For love is kind and happy. O come with  
me!  
Look on this body and this heavy hair;  
A stream has told me they are beautiful.  
The gods hate happiness, and weave their nets  
Out of their hatred.

FORGAEL

My beloved, farewell.

Seek Aibric on the Lochlann galley, and tell  
him  
That Forgael has followed the grey birds  
alone,  
And bid him to your country.

DECTORA

I should wander  
Hither and thither and say at the high noon  
How many hours to daybreak, because love  
Has made my feet unsteady, and blinded me.

FORGAEL

I think that there is love in Aibric's eyes.  
I know he will obey you ; and if your eyes  
Should look upon his eyes with love, in the  
end

That would be happiest. He is a king  
Among high mountains, and the mountain  
robbers  
Have called him mighty.

DECTORA

I will follow you  
Living or dying.

FORGAEL

Bid Aibric to your country,  
Or go beside him to his mountain wars.

DECTORA

I will follow you.

FORGAEL

I will have none of you.  
My love shakes out her hair upon the streams



Where the world ends, or runs from wind to  
wind  
And eddy to eddy. Masters of our dreams,  
Why have you cloven me with a mortal love?  
Pity these weeping eyes!

DECTORA

*(Going over to him and taking the crown  
from before his feet)*

I will follow you.

I have cut the rope that bound this galley to  
ours,

And while she fades and life withers away,  
I crown you with this crown.

*(She kneels beside him and puts her arms  
about him.)*

Bend lower, O king,  
O flower of the branch, O bird among the  
leaves,

O silver fish that my two hands have taken  
Out of a running stream, O morning star  
Trembling in the blue heavens like a white  
fawn

Upon the misty border of the wood, —  
Bend lower, that I may cover you with my  
hair,

For we will gaze upon this world no longer.

*(The harp begins to murmur of itself.)*

FORGAEL

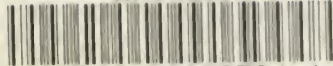
The harp-strings have begun to cry out to the  
eagles.











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